McKEAN COUNTY MINER.

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VOL. XXXII. SMETHPORT, McKEAN COUNTY, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 30, 1895. NO 35.

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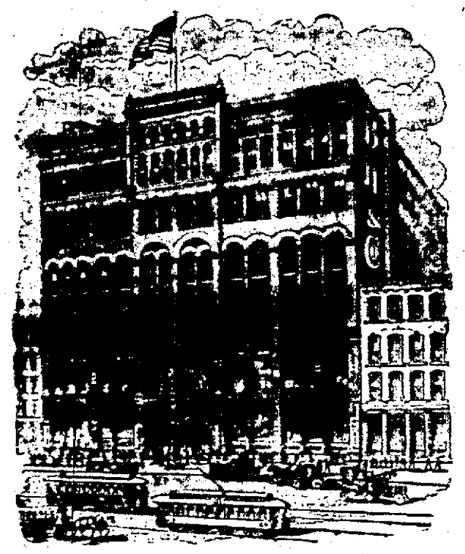

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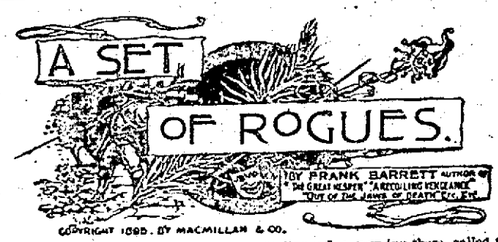

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CHAPTER I.

There being no plays to be acted at the Red Bull, because of the plague, and the players all cast adrift for want of employment, certain of us, to wit, Jack Dawson and his daughter Moll, Red Herring and myself, clubbed our moneys together to buy a store of dresses, painted cloths, and the like, with a cart and horse to carry them, and thus provided set forth to travel the country and turn an honest penny, in those parts where the terror of pestilence had not yet turned men's stomachs against the pleasures of life. And here, at our setting out, let me show what kind of company we were. First, then, for our master, Jack Dawson, who on no occasion was to be given a second place. He was a hale, jolly fellow, who would eat a pound of beef for his breakfast (when he could get it) and make nothing of half a gallon of ale thereswithen—a very masterful man, but withal kindly and pleasant to look at when not contraried, with never a line of care in his face, though turned of 50. He played our humorous parts, but he had a sweet voice for singing of ditties and could fetch a tear as readily as a laugh, and he was also exceeding nimble at a dance, which was the strangest thing in the world, considering his great girth. Wife he had none, but Moll Dawson was his daughter, who was a most sprightly, merry little wench, but no miracle for beauty, being neither child nor woman as at that time; surprisingly thin, as if her frame had grown out of proportion with her flesh, so that her body looked all arms and legs, and her head all month and eyes, with a great tousled mass of chestnut hair, which (off the stage) was as often as not half tumbled over her shoulder. But a quicker little baggage at mimicry (she would play any part, from an urchin of 10 to a crone of fourscore), or a livelier at dancing of Brantles or the single Coranto never was, I do think, and as merry as a lark.

Of Red Herring I need only here say that he was the most tearing villain imaginable on the stage and off it the most civil spoken, honest seeing young gentleman. Nor need I trouble to give a very lengthy description of myself. What my character was will appear hereafter, and, as for my looks, the less I say about them the better. Being something of a scholar and a poet, I had nearly died of starvation, when Jack Dawson gave me a footing on the stage, where I would play the part of a hero in one act, a lackey in the second and a Merry Andrew in the third, scraping a tune on my fiddle to fill up the intermedios.

We had designed to return to London as soon as the plague abated, unless we were favored with extraordinary good fortune, and so when we heard that the sickness was certainly past and the citizens recovering of their panic we, being by this time heartily sick of our venture, which at the best gave us but beggarly recompense, were about to retrace our steps with cheerful expectations of better times. But, coming to Oxford, we there learned that a prodigious fire had burned all London down, from the Tower to Ludgate, so that were we there we should find no house to play in. This laid us flat in our hopes and set us again to our vagabond enterprise, and so for six months more we scoured the country in a most miserable plight, the roads being exceedingly foul and folks more humored of nights to drowse in their chimney than to sit in a draft barn and witness our performances, and then about the middle of February we in a kind of desperation got back again to London, only to find that we must go forth again, the town still lying in ruins and no one disposed to any kind of amusement except in high places, where such actors as we were held in contempt.

So we, with our hearts in our boots, as one may say, set out again to seek our fortunes on the Cambridge road, and here, with no better luck than elsewhere, for at Tottenham Cross we had the mischance to set fire to the barn wherein we were playing, by a candle falling in some loose straw, whereby we did injury to the extent of a shilling or two, for which the farmer would have us pay a pound, and Jack Dawson stoutly refusing to satisfy his demand he sends for the constable, who locks us all up in the cage that night, to take us before the magistrate in the morning. And we found to our cost that this magistrate had as little justice as mercy in his composition, for though he lent a patient ear to the farmer's case, he would not listen to Jack Dawson's argument, which was good enough, being to the effect that we had not as much as a pound among us, and that he would rather be hanged than pay it if he had, and when Red Herring (seeing the kind of Puritanical fellow he was) urged that, since the damage was not done by any design of ours, it must be regarded as a visitation of Providence, he says: "Very good. If it be the will of Providence that one should be scourged, I take it as the divine purpose that I should finish the business to scourge the other." And therewith he orders the constable to take what money we have from our pockets and clap us in the stocks till sundown for payment of the difference. So in the stocks we three poor men were stuck for six mortal hours, which was a wicked, cruel thing indeed, with the wind blowing a sort of rainy snow about our ears, and there I do think we must have perished of cold and vexation but that our little Moll brought us a sheet for a cover, and tired not in giving us kind words of comfort.

At 5 o'clock the constable unlocked us from our vile confinement, and I do believe we should have fallen upon him and done him a mischief for his pains there and then but that we were all frozen as stiff as stones with sitting in the cold so long, and indeed it was some time ere we could move our limbs at all. However, with much ado, we hobbled on at the tail of our cart, all three very bitter, but especially Red Herring, who cursed horribly and as I had never heard him curse off the stage, saying he would rather have staid in London to carry bricks for the gentry than join us again in this damnable adventure, etc. And that which incensed him the more was the merriment of our Moll, who, seated on the side of the cart, could do nothing better than make sport of our discontent. But there was no malice in her laughter, which, if it sprang not from sheer love of mischief, arose maybe from overflowing joy at our release.

Coming at dusk to Edmonton and finding a fine, new inn there, called the Bell, Jack Dawson leads the cart into the yard, we following without a word of demur, and after putting up our trap, into the warm parlor we go and call for supper as boldly as you please. Then, when we had eaten and drunk till we could no more, all to bed like princes, which, after a night in the cage and a day in the stocks, did seem like a very paradise. But how we were to pay for this entertainment not one of us knew, nor did we greatly care, being made quite reckless by our necessities. It was the next morning, when we met together at breakfast, that our faces betrayed our apprehensions, but those did not some companionless, but those did not prevent us eating prodigiously. "For," whispers Red Herring, "if we are to be hanged, it may as well be for a sheep as a lamb."

However, Jack Dawson, getting on the right side of the landlord, who seemed a very honest, decent man for an innkeeper, agreed with him that we should give a performance that night in a cart shed very proper to our purpose, paying him half of our taking in payment of our entertainment. This did Jack, thinking from our late ill luck we should get at the most a dozen people in the sixpenny benches and a score standing at twopence a head. But it turned out, as the cunning landlord had foreseen, that our hunger was jacked close to the very edge, in consequence of great numbers coming to the town in the afternoon to see a bull baited, so that when Jack Dawson closed the doors and came behind the scene to dress for his part he told us he had as good as £5 in his pocket. With that to cheer us we played our tragedy of "The Broken Heart" very merrily, and after that, changing our dress in a twinkling, Jack Dawson, disguised as a wild man, and Moll, as a wood nymph, came on to the stage to dance a pastoral, while I, in the fashion of a satyr, stood on one side plying the fiddle to their footing. Then, all being done, Jack thanks the company for their indulgence and bids 'em good night.

And now, before all the company are yet out of the place, and while Jack Dawson is wiping the sweat from his face, comes the landlord and asks pretty bluntly to be paid his share of our earnings.

"Well," says Jack in a huff, "I see no reason for any such haste, but if you will give me time to put on my breeches you shall be paid all the same." And therewith he takes down his trunks from the nail where they hung. And first giving them a doubtful shake, as seeming lighter than he expected, and hearing no chink of money, he thrusts his hand into one pocket, and then into the other, and cries in dismay: "Heaven's mercy upon us! We are robbed! Every penny of our money is gone!"

"Can you think of nothing better than such an idle story than that?" says the landlord. "There's a hush been none behind this shed, but yourns ever all the night."

We could make no reply to this, but stood gaping at each other in a maze for some seconds. Then Jack Dawson, recovering his wits, turns him round and looking about cries: "Why, where's Red Herring?"

"If you mean him as was killed in your play," says the landlord, "I'll answer for it he's not far off, for, to my knowledge, he was in the house drinking with a man while you were a-dancing of your antics like a fool. And I only hope you may be as honest a man as he, for he paid for his liquor like a gentleman."

That settled the question, for we know the constable had left never a penny in his pocket when he clapped us in the stocks.

"Well," says Jack, "he has our money, as you may prove by searching us, and if you have faith in him 'tis all as one, and you may rest easy for your reckoning being paid against his return."

The landlord went off, vowing he would take the liver of us if he were not paid by the morning, and we, as soon as we had shuffled on our clothes, away to hunt for Ned, thinking that maybe he had made off with the money to avoid paying half to the landlord, and hoping always that, though he might play the rogue with him, he would deal honestly by us. But we could find no trace of him, though we visited every alehouse in the town, and so back we go, crestfallen, to the Bell, to beg the innkeeper to give us a night's lodging and a crust of bread on the speculation that Ned would come back and settle our accounts, but he would not listen to our prayers, and so, hungry and thirsty, and miserable beyond expression, we were fain to make up with a loft over the stables, where, thanks to a good store of sweet hay, we soon forgot our troubles in sleep, but not before we had consented to get away in the morning betimes to escape another day in the stocks.

Accordingly, before the break of day, we were afoot, and after noiselessly packing our effects in the cart in the misty gray light, Jack Dawson goes into the stable to harness our nag, while I as silently take down the heavy bar that fastened the yard gate. But while I was yet fumbling at the bolts, and all of a shake for fear of being caught in the act, Jack Dawson comes to me, with Moll holding of his hand, as she would when our troubles were great, and says in a tone of despair:

"Give over, Kit. We are all undone again. For our harness is stole, and there's never another I can take in its place."

While we were at this stumble, our comes our landlord to make sport of us

Little Moll tired not in giving us kind words of comfort.

age was about 60, though his step and carriage were of a younger man. To my eyes he appeared a very handsome and a pleasing, amiable gentleman. But, Lord, what can you conclude of a man at a single glance, when every line in his face, of which he had a score and more, has each its history of varying passions, known only to himself and secret phases of his life!

He saluted us with a most noble bow, and dismissed the drawer with a word in an undertone. Then turning again to us he said, "I had the pleasure of seeing you act last night, and dance," he adds, with a slight inclination of his head to Moll. "Naturally I wish to be better acquainted with you. Will it please you to dine with me?"

I could not have been more dumfounded had an angel asked me to step into heaven, but Dawson was quick enough to say something.

"That will we," cries he, "and God bless your worship for taking pity on us, for I doubt not you have heard of our troubles."

The other bowed his head and set a chair at the end of the table for Moll, which also took with a pretty courtesy, but saying never a word, for she did seem to choke us all. And being seated she cast her eyes on the bread hungrily, as if she would fain begin at once, but her good manners to restrain herself. Then his worship (as we called him), having shown us the chairs on either side, seated himself last of all, at the head of the table, facing our Moll, whom whenever he might without discourtesy he regarded with most scrutinizing glances from first to last. Then, the door flinging open, two drawers brought in those same fat pullets we had seen browning before the fire and also the pasty, with abundance of other good cheer, at which Moll, with a little cry of delight, whispers to me:

"'Tis like a dream. Do speak to me, Kit, or I must think 'twill all fade away presently and leave us in the snow."

Then I, finding my tongue, begged his worship would pardon us if our manners were more uncouth than the society to which he was accustomed.

"Nay," says Dawson. "Your worship will like us none the worse, I warrant, for seeing what we are and aping none."

Finding himself thus beworshiped on both hands, our good friend says:

"You may call me senor. I am a Spaniard—Don Sanchez del Castello de Castolana." And then to turn the subject he adds, "I have seen you play twice."

"Ayo, senor, and I should have known you again if by nothing but this piece of generosity," replies Dawson, with his cheek full of pasty, "for I remember both times you set down a coin and would take no change."

Don Sanchez launched his shoulders cavalierly, as if such trifles were naught, and dismissed the matter with a most noble bow, and then Moll, swallowing with a sudden outburst of her father's voice, gives first a gape, then a shiver, and looking about her with an air of wonder, smiles as her eyes falls on the don, whereupon, still as solemn as any judge, he pulls the bell, and, the maid coming, to the room with a rushlight, he bids her take the poor weary child to bed, and take the best there is in the house, which I think did delight Dawson not less than his child to hear.

Then Moll gives her father a kiss, and me another according to her wont, and drops a civil courtesy to Don Sanchez.

"Give me thy hand, child," says he, and, having it, he lifts it to his lips, and kisses it as if she had been the finest lady in the land.

She being gone, the don calls for another bowl of spiced wine, and we, mightily pleased at the prospect of another half hour of comfort, stretch our legs yet afresh before the fire. Then Don Sanchez, lighting another cigar and setting his chair toward us, says as he takes his knee up betwixt his long, thin fingers:

"Now let us come to the heart of this business and understand one another clearly."

NO REALLY WILD HORSES.

All Are Said to Be Descendants of Those That Once Were Domesticated.

Is there such a thing as the wild horse, an aboriginal or truly wild horse, in the world now? The answer is more than doubtful. The mustang of Mexico, the wild horse of the South American pampas, the brumbi of Australia, all are descendants of the domesticated animals introduced from Europe. The Asiatic horse was landed in America at Buenos Ayres in 1537. In 1750—that is, in less than 50 years—horses had spread to regions as remote as Patagonia. In Australia the diffusion of horses that have escaped from civilization has been equally as rapid, and in 1875 it was found necessary to shoot as many as 7,000 wild horses in the colony of New South Wales alone.

In some parts of Australia the horse pest has received legislative notice. The wild horses tempt domestic horses to join them, and wild stallions who invade the Australian horse runs and vitiate choice herds in a most annoying manner. They recur to the ancestral manners in a way that is always the same. Each stallion has his following of mares, ranging from a few up to 40 and even 50, and these parties may be separate or banded together in hordes of considerable size, even, it is said, 400 strong. The young and the weak mares remain with a scanty or even no following. The stallion has to maintain his supremacy by frequent combats, which especially occur at certain seasons of the year. The animals are suspicious in the extreme, swift in flight, but bold in defense with tooth and heel in emergency. They range extensively in search of pasture and water, and when hard pressed by danger and famine the herds break up. It is said that each troop has a leader and implicitly obeys him. He is the first to face danger and give the hint to fly. When pressed, the horses form a ring, with the mares and foals in the center, and defend themselves vigorously with their heels, or they close in on their opponent in dense masses and trample him to death.

It is distinctly proved, then, that there can be no aboriginal or wild horse in either America or Australia, although there are tens of thousands of unknown horses. Tradition points to central Asia as the original abode of the horse, and there the original stock of wild horses may still possibly exist. Darwin's statement that no aboriginal or truly wild horse is known to exist must still be held as explaining the exact position of this question. But we must supplement it by stating that it is not certain that truly wild horses do not exist, and, as the whole, conclude that the evidence is in favor of the existence of the wild horse in central Asia, but that we have no evidence as to his pedigree in relation to domestication. The wild horse of the British islands is now practically the Shetland pony, but he is not the powerful animal described by Cæsar. The domesticated animal everywhere, however, reverts very easily to the savage state. The paces of a wild horse are a walk and gallop. The double and the canter are artificial, and it is still a mooted question as to whether the wild horse ever trots.—Paper Read Before the Bombay Historical Society.

A Season Formed the Institution.

The Saxons have a place in French history, not only because they continued so long to hold their odious office, but because two of their number, a father and son, held office during the evil days of the reign of terror, when they were kept so busily engaged with their guillotine. The last of the Sanson dynasty was discontinued from his post in the reign of Louis Philippe, in 1847, under remarkable circumstances. Although he had inherited a comfortable fortune from his father, the executioner of the revolution, he got into pecuniary difficulties and was guilty of pawning his guillotine, surely the most ingenious pledge ever taken by mortal pawnbroker. An order came from the procurator-general for the execution of a criminal, and the necessary apparatus was not forthcoming. The prison authorities had perforce to get it out of pawn, and the execution took place. But the last of the Sansons was informed that his services would no longer be required. What became of him afterward does not appear to be known.—London News.

Confined Sound.

The intensity of confined sound is finely illustrated at Casebrook castle, Isle of Wight, where there is a well 360 feet deep and 12 feet in diameter. The well has 18 feet of water in it, and the entire interior from top to water is lined with smooth masonry. This lining so completely confines the sound that a pin dropped from the top can be heard very plainly to strike the water, at a distance of 168 feet below. Another instance is cited from India, where workmen at the waterworks often talk with those at the reservoir, 18 miles away, their telephone being an 18 inch water main that is no longer used for conveying water.—St. Louis Republic.

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Rich on human, sewage on horses, dogs and all stock, cured in 30 minutes over Woodruff's Sanitary Lotion. (Sole agent for Smethport, Mott by A. N. Armstrong, Drug-gist, Smethport Pa.

McKean County Miner.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

Smethport, Pa. Aug. 30, 1895.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

For State Treasurer,
BENJAMIN J. HAYWOOD,
of Mercer.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.

For Treasurer,
THOMAS B. CLARK,
of Bradford City.

CLEVELAND is very busy being driven down at Buzzard's Bay and devising schemes for a new bond deal.

THE State of Maryland will undoubtedly swing into the Republican column at the November election.

HON. McKINLEY spoke for two hours at the Chautauqua Assembly last Saturday but did not touch on politics.

THOMAS B. REED will undoubtedly come to the National Republican convention in 1896 with the solid New England delegation at his back.

THE Kane *Republican* says Secretary of the United States Treasury J. G. Carlisle slipped there Monday evening. The Kanaites were so overcome by the dignity of the August official that none of them dared approach the magnate to interview him.

IT will now be in order for the *Inquirer* and *Press* of Philadelphia, to have the hatchet and strive to make amends for the unkind words used towards each other during the convention. Let peace and harmony prevail.

THE Rev. Silas Comfort died at Warren last Friday at the age of 85 years. He was admitted to the bar in 1840 and has been in active practice ever since and was conceded to be one of the ablest men in Northwestern Pennsylvania. The funeral was held Monday at 10 a. m. Several of Bradford's prominent attorneys attended.

FOR a supposed theft alleged to have been committed by the accused of Quay and not of the combine up to the present time, it will have a pleasant time of cross-taking out of the dignity that befalls one to be put through. It may had not been touched by partisan feeling they would have been able to have discovered the Secretary on the wall.

THE Democrats of Ohio last week are trying their level to capture some one willing to become a sacrifice as candidate for governor on their ticket. Duggenman Story, with his head, was too shy to be caught, and finally ex-Governor James Campbell let it fall over his head, but making a protest that he was too poor to make the fight. Well, Campbell, is as good a mark as any to be knocked down in November. After the ex-governor is counted he will feel that he can go through the eye of a needle.

THE history of the sound money men in the Ohio Democratic convention this week is very significant just in the way it was reported as given to some extent. Some that their expressions used in regard to New York or Indiana, it is yet one of the most important ones politically, and it is always regarded as a good sample of presidential or vice presidential nominations. An attempt was made to force the convention into line for free silver on a resolution demanding the free coinage of both gold and silver, with full legal-tender quality and without discrimination against or in favor of either. This resolution was voted down by almost a two-thirds majority and the convention then, as a result, the Democratic candidate of this holding to the use of both gold and silver as the standard money of the country and the coinage of both in sufficient discrimination against either or the use for coinage, but providing that the unit of coinage of both metals must be of the same intrinsic value, or to be adjusted by international agreement or such legislation as should insure the maintenance of the parity of such metal and the equal power of every dollar at all times in payment of debts, or of discharging other obligations, or in the purchase of labor, it may with any be desirable in such cases. The resolution insisted upon this policy as especially necessary for the protection of farmers and the laboring classes, who are the least and most defenseless victims of panics and business stagnation. While a strong sentiment in favor of free coinage still exists in some of the States in the south and west, it now seems practically certain that the currency plank in the platform of the next national convention of the administration party will be in substance a reaffirmation of the plank contained in the national platform of 1892. *Bradford Era.*

TO AT LEAST ONE MAN

of the world of blood fighting the Combine in Pennsylvania and the conduct of Senator Quay in connection therewith, the people of the State of Pennsylvania have again asserted their rights. When the consequences are fully awakened they will be heard, and Governor Hastings and his followers undoubtedly understand by the time that "it is hard to kick against the pricks." There will be a shout of relief go up from every honest Republican in the State that the long drawn battle is ended, as it was entirely needless for. Governor Hastings had allowed himself to be used by the combine to draw their "chestnuts out of the fire," but the people said, "nay." It is passing strange that the Governor should have become so infatuated with the Philadelphia-Pittsburg ringsters that he could not see his course would have a tendency to disrupt the Republican party. All the trouble could have been easily avoided by simply withdrawing the name of contention, H. F. Gilkeson. It is to be hoped that this lesson will have its effect upon the Governor and that he will do all in his power to regain the confidence of the people that he lost by training with the would-be bosses of Philadelphia and Pittsburg. The people of the State have no personal ill-will against the chief executive, feeling satisfied that he has simply been misled by promises of the ringsters.

Mr. A. A. Snyder, Supt. Poor Farm, Wyncoop Co., Ia., says, "Last winter Mr. Robert Leech used Bucklen's Arnica Salve and cured a large running sore on his leg. Had been under care of physician for months with out obtained relief. Sure cure for A. W. Colegrove.

QUAY WINS!

The Combine Call for Harmony when Their Defeat is Assured.

AND HARMONY PREVAILED.

QUAY ELECTED STATE CHAIRMAN BY ACCLAMATION—ALL THE SUPERIOR COURT JUDGES NOMINATED—HAYWOOD FOR TREASURER.

Instead of a pitched battle of the giants the sweet angel of peace assumed control of the convention and harmony reigned complete. What promised to be one of the hottest conventions of the century settled down to a humdrum affair, where the delegates rivaled one another in the exchange of courtesies. Below is a brief sketch of the proceedings.

CONVENTION HALL, HARRISBURG, Aug. 28.—Governor Hastings, accompanied by David Martin, was the first man to enter that portion of the hall reserved for delegates. About two Pittsburg men who held the opera House all night were ejustered in the gallery, and after summoning a large force of stalwart doorkeepers, Supt Gross advanced to the front of the stage and announced that an agreement had been made between the contending factions the hall must be cleared of all but delegates and newspaper men. The crowd that had cheered Hastings and Martin retreated sullenly, but quietly. The delegates assembled slowly, and at 11 o'clock less than a dozen were present. Senator Quay was applauded as he entered, accompanied by Congressman W. A. Stone, and reached his seat only after shaking hands with the numerous delegates who crowded him. Chairman Gilkeson entered shortly after the Quay ovation had subsided. The applause broke out afresh as Senator Penrose entered.

It was 11:50 o'clock when State Chairman Gilkeson called for order. Senator Quay nominated Congressman John R. Robinson for temporary chairman and Speaker Walton nominated Harry Hall of Patterbire for the same office. While the State Committee was seconding the nomination Senator Quay arose and walked forward from room Hastings, at which the latter's hand and was heard something pleasant in his ear. The Governor and Senator smiled broadly. This was a victory and showed to Senator Quay that Hastings meant business. It moved that Robinson and Governor Hastings be appointed to escort Hall to the chair. The motion was made unanimous and Robinson was conducted to the chair by Senator Quay and Mr Hall moved that the committee on permanent organization be directed to report Governor Hastings for permanent chairman of the convention. This was adopted, too, on motion of Hall it was moved that the convention proceed to the election of State officers. Quay leader,

F. G. LINDHOLM & CO.

CLEARING SALE!

In order to make room for Fall Stock, we will close out the balance of our

SUMMER GOODS AT COST.

We have just received a new line of HATS and CAPS, including the Stylish GULF CAP, which is very popular.

A complete line of fresh Groceries always on hand at prices which cannot fail to interest you.

If you are not using "JUNO COFFEE" try it once.

F. G. LINDHOLM & CO.

235 Main St., Smethport, Pa.

IKE SIMONS,

30 MAIN STREET,

Bradford, - Penn'a.

Genuine Reduction in all

SUMMER GOODS!

Big Cut in

STRAW - HATS!

Very Large and Full Line of

NEGLIGEE SHIRTS

which will be sold cheap.

Bargains in

Summer Underwear and Hosiery.

IKE SIMONS.

Mention the *Miner* when writing or calling

STUDIO OF

R. C. GLEASON,

PHOTOGRAPHER.

Having taken a course in photography and retouching at one of the best schools in the country, I am prepared to do photographing in all its branches. Views a specialty.

Am introducing the celebrated Aristo-Platino work, which gives the most beautiful effects obtainable in Photography.

R. C. GLEASON.

SMETHPORT, PA.

Only north-light gallery in town.

McKean County Miner.

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Pa., Aug 30, 1895.

LOCAL NOTICES.

☞ Go to store of D. C. Young for full cream cheese from Eldred factory.

☞ A new supply of those HANDSOME CABLES for your house at HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

☞ An education pays if you get it at Smith's Business College, Warren Pa. Write for catalogue. 32-4t.

☞ Get your DOOR & WINDOW SCREENS at HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

☞ Smith's Business College, Warren, Pa., is said to be the leading business training school in all the country. Write for catalogue. Fall opening Sept. 3 32-4t.

☞ Have you seen those FANCY GLASS DOORS at HOLMES & GILFILLIN.

A good house for sale with modern improvements and a half an acre of ground for a garden. Inquire of A. E. Mann, Coudersport, or at this office.

☞ D. C. Young sells Common Millet for $1.30 bushel and German Millet for $1.75 bushel. Very best seed grown.

4lw a 20c. Sweets

for candy, fresh stick candy, 10c lb. window shades and curtain poles very cheap and good. More of those $3.00 boilers at $1.98, 3 tine hay forks 20c.

RACKET.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—See change in advertisement of Jones Oleanor Colegrove.

—The band furnished some very fine music Saturday night.

—There was an informal party at the opera house Tuesday night.

—Evening service at St. Luke's at 7:30 o'clock from next Sunday.

—The Rev. W. F. Shero will officiate at St. Luke's church on next Sunday.

—The dog exterminator at Olean uses chloroform now instead of gas as heretofore

—Mrs. Thos. Walker, of East Smethport, had a son born to her on Sunday last.

—And now Ulysses, Potter Co., Pa., is going to have a bank. They certainly need one.

—W. H. Picard sold a fine pair of horses to a gentleman from Eldred on Tuesday.

—The Rev. J. H. McCandless will officiate at St. Andrew's church, Buffalo, on next Sunday.

—Quite a large delegation of Bradford's Sir Knights attended the Knights Templar's conclave at Boston.

—Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Deming are the happy parents of a little daughter, born to them on Sunday morning.

—Get your smoked glass ready for next Tuesday night, Sept. 3, as there will be a total eclipse of the moon.

—The owner of Capitol park at Olean has sold out to the Olean street railway company, who take possession next Monday.

—Manager D. Hall, of the creamery, has been suffering from a severe attack of cholera morbus, but is now very much improved.

—John Gardner has been quite sick the past week, but is now on the gain.

—There will be lots of Buckballs in Lock Haven next Wednesday and Thursday to attend the reunion.

—Look at my label and if you are in arrears for subscription; settle up and help the printer pay his own bills.

—Charles Sherman, a locomotive fireman, died at his home in Bradford Wednesday aged 23 years, of typhoid fever.

—Ed. Daly is having three fine box stalls erected at the rear of his livery barn, for the accommodation of some of our townsmen who drive fast horses.

—Harry Backus completely filled the editorial chair of the *Democrat* during the absence of Editor Lindsley, while Harry Knapp was news gatherer.

—George Sibbalds, of Bradford, was arrested on Monday for having a plurality of wives, but was released, as those who had the right refused to prosecute him.

—Asst. Lester Prouty has been over to Bradford inspecting some of the public buildings, one of which had such attractions for him that he remained there all night.

—The Epworth League will serve ice cream at the residence of Mrs. F. W. Brownell to-morrow night. Everybody invited. Proceeds to be applied on organ fund.

—The Gloria, from Mozart's Twelfth Mass, was sung at St. Luke's church last Sunday. The large choir and fine organ sustained this celebrated composition in a masterly way.

—The drill will soon be started on Pope, Rooney and Helmick well No. 3 located about one hundred rods east of No. 2. This being the third test, should prove a success.

—It is claimed that the Knights Templar conclave at Boston is the largest gathering seen in the "hub of the universe," since the great Grand Army Reunion held there in 1890.

—By several of our exchanges we notice that the Bradford *Herald* of last Sunday was an exceptionally fine edition of 20 pages. This being only hearsay we cannot vouch for it, but give it for what it is worth.

—We have in our possession a full-size photograph of one of our popular young clerks in town. By his appearance a person would naturally infer that he had become wearied and was intending to take a nap on some saw logs.

—Comrade Ryan stated last Monday before several witnesses that they hauled one load of those celebrated oats into the barn last Saturday and when thrashed it turned out 65 bushels of oats. Who can beat, this even though it comes off a poor farm.

—Woodward, an ex-convict recently discharged from the Western Penitentiary at Allegheny, tried to commit suicide at Toad Hollow by taking laudanum because his wife would not live with him Physicians were called and he was restored.

—Dr. O. B. Comfort was locked up on the charge of tearing up sidewalks along the property owned by himself and father-in-law, M. E. Morris, in Bradford The doctor was finally released on bail, as he found very little comfort lying in the lock-up.

—George P. Deuter, of Olean, and Miss Della Kane, of Smethport, were joined in holy wedlock by Father Galligan at the Catholic church early Tuesday morning. The happy couple breakfasted at the Wright House and departed on their wedding tour.

—Last Sunday was an ideal summer day, the rain of Saturday having settled the dust, making Sunday the finest day of the year. The churches were well filled, and the weather being so fine that it caused some of our divines to become poetical in their discourses.

—The K. & S. R. R. is now an assured fact. This is a new line of road built from Keating township to Smethport. There is considerable difficulty in getting an official board, as all the members desire the best paying positions. But that trouble will soon be arranged.

—Port Allegany has organized a new base ball association—Dr. J. V. Otto, president; E. P. Dalrymple, treasurer; Geo. Weber, Secretary; managing directors—Hard, Rice and Rowley. This gives assurance that matters in the association will be conducted properly.

—While riding about recently we noticed on the board fences in this vicinity partially obliterated signs of many business firms who have formerly had stores here, but who have since passed away, and who thought they knew a better way to advertise than in the newspapers.

—The game between Austin and Ulysses, last Friday, at Coudersport, resulted in the defeat of Austin by a score of 19 to 9. Tull pitched the first five innings for Austin, but was poorly supported all around. He is a great favorite among the base ball enthusiasts at Coudersport.

—Silver Creek has an old lady 89 years of age, who takes a daily run on her bicycle. Her name is Mrs Beulah Starring, and she is probably the oldest bicycle rider in the country. It is not stated whether she wears bloomers or not.—*Ex.* Mrs. Beulah is old enough to know better than to be Starring around in this manner.

—Tuesday's Bradford *Era* says: Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Barr, of No 25 Summer street, celebrated their silver wedding anniversary last evening. A large party of friends crowded the house and made merry until a late hour. Mr. and Mrs. Barr received many handsome presents. The Mandolin and Guitar Quartette furnished music for the evening.

—"Eric Derricson," of the *Era*, being a tall man, feels terribly slighted because Lillie Smith, of Brooklyn, (who has a passion for kissing tall men) does not come to Bradford. For the benefit of the *Era* man, and to encourage him, we will say that when she sees his mention of her in the *Era*, she will pack her trunk and start for Bradford for the sake of enjoying a flirtation with the tall Swede.

—It would be advisable for the chief of police to stroll around town from 10 to 12 o'clock nights and he would discover the cause of some of the noises that disturb the slumbers of those who seek their beds at seasonable hours. Last Tuesday night was a field day for the hoodlums who make night hideous with their drunken yells, and if certain sections of the borough ordinances were enforced on these night brawlers, we are inclined to think they would keep quieter in the future.

—The Bradford papers are evidently not satisfied with their street car service, judging from the description of an accident that was happily averted by the heroic action of the motor-man last Friday. The *Era* says: "car No. 1 is the speediest of the Bradford and Kendall street railway," while the *Star* calls this beautiful car the "Thunderbolt." Gentlemen, this is hardly fair to the management of such an excellent line of travel, and would lead outsiders to infer that your street railway system was not up to date.

—There are 17 inmates in Cattle Walker at present boarding at the county's expense.

—The Olean team was defeated by the Eldred boys last Wednesday afternoon. Score 19 to 12.

—The crop of oats threshed out at the poor farm measured 1,178 bushels, or by weight 1,360 bushels.

—The Oaks will endeavor to wipe the earth with the Irish Hollow giants at the latter place on Sunday.

—A large number of wheelmen from this place went to Eldred Wednesday to see the Oleans and Eldreds do battle.

—The Smethport band will give its usual weekly concert this evening instead of Saturday evening as formerly.

—Manager Armstrong yesterday received a dispatch from Austin that they could not fill the bill to play ball to-day.

—McKean Lodge No. 333 F. & A. M. this week received their new regalia, which looks very beautiful and attractive.

—I. Atwood Putnam, an aged resident of Crosby, was stricken with paralysis on Wednesday morning. This is the first stroke.

—The pump station at North Olean was destroyed by fire early Tuesday morning. The loss was estimated at $2,000.

—C. E. Barrett believes that advertising pays, and has taken more space this week to prove it. The more business, the more space used in advertising.

—William Goff was brought over last Tuesday morning and lodged in jail on the charge of assault and battery on Eli King, a chinaman, both of Bradford.

—Madge & Benjamin, the leading hardware dealers of Olean, have something to say in regard to fruit jars that will be of interest to the women. Read their adv. on another page.

—It pays to advertise in the MINER. Fred McElroy lost $30 last Monday night placed an ad. with us, and before it could be set up the money was found. Use the best advertising medium; come to the MINER.

—Alphonsis Tracy Lynch died at the residence of J. M. Tracy, East Smethport, on Wednesday morning after an illness of only a few days, aged about one month. The MINER extends sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Lynch.

—Herman Tull, our peerless pitcher, received a letter Wednesday from the manager of the Franklin, N. Y., team asking him to play with that team from the 7 to the 14 of September. If Manager Armstrong can spare "Hukla" that long he will go.

—This week we present our readers with the opening chapters of "A Set of Rogues," by Frank Barrett. It is an old-time English story, well written, and chock full of stirring incidents; well worthy of perusal. It shows that roguery meets its reward.

—There are several on our subscription list who are almost two years in arrears. We respectfully ask them to come forward and settle, as we have bills that are due and would be pleased to pay up, and can, if our many subscribers will be kind enough to assist us.

—School will commence next Monday. Following is the list of teachers: Mr. Kirkland, principal; Miss Bessie Shook, assistant; Miss Grace Kirkland, 1st intermediate; Miss Minnie Hibbard, 2nd intermediate; Miss Adda Bureh, 1st primary; Miss Rose Allen, 2nd primary.

—The Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg will run an after-harvest excursion to Buffalo, Niagara Falls and Toronto, on Tuesday, Sept. 10. Attend Canada's Industrial Fair at Toronto. Tickets to the Falls and return good for 5 days and to Buffalo and return 10 days. Leave Bradford 5:30 p. m., fare $3.

—Weary Willy started last Wednesday for Eldred on a wheel with a flourish of trumpets and a fine send off by his many admirers, to witness the ball game between the Olean team and the Eldred boys. Willy got as far as Andy Campbell's, when his enthusiasm gave out and he returned and sought the shady side of the Grand Central and did not move from there until the supper horn called him to his meals.

—Simon L. McMahon, a young man belonging to the Abbott Hose Co., of Salamanca, was killed while running in the hose race at Bradford last Friday and M. C. Hubbell, of the same company, was quite seriously injured, having several ribs broken. Truly a sad ending to the pleasant time the fire laddies had been having at Bradford.

—Late Thursday afternoon Messrs. Sanborn and Latham presented the MINER office with two copies of "An Illustrated Souvenir of Smethport." The book contains over 45 fine photographic views of residences and public buildings in our beautiful town and it is a credit to the above gentlemen. This work is well worth purchasing. Every one should have a copy.

—Last Sunday as one of our prominent citizens was driving around the country he came to the residence of an old acquaintance. Stopping his horse, he said: "Mr. ——, I wish to make an apology to you, as I have always abused you for being a Democrat, but any one that will live back here is entitled to use any political proclivities that he desires." Mr. —— began to gather up rocks to defend his rights, but peace was finally declared and a good hearty laugh enjoyed.

—F. L. Masco and family occupy a house on the Bell farm, half a mile below Ceres. During the storm Saturday evening, the family gathered in the chimney. A bolt of lightning struck the chimney and shattered every brick in it. The bolt passed down into the kitchen and almost blinded the family. Mr. Masco and wife were knocked senseless and it was several minutes before they recovered consciousness. The kitchen floor was torn up in several places and the cellar wall was shattered in two spots. Strange to say the house did not take fire. It was the luckiest kind of an accident.—Ceres *Mail*.

—Last Thursday week was a gala day at Bradford. The magnificent display on almost all the buildings added a wonderful attraction to the oil metropolis. The residents of the town were bent on giving pleasure and enjoyment to the many thousands of visitors within the city. The parade was all that could be desired, and the streets along the line of march were lined with people anxious to see the brave fire laddies in their gay uniforms. Many a fair damsel's heart was set to playing a lively tattoo over some glance from the finely dressed boys in the parade. Every available window was occupied with ladies and gentlemen. The sights along the line of march was grand in every respect. At the St. James hotel, where the parade turned down Mechanic street, the boys received a wonderful ovation for their fine appearance. Every steamer brought up the rear, followed by a richly decorated electric car from Kendall, and to make it appear like old times, the car had a beautiful pair of horses attached, evidently to keep the electric car from running into the procession. The Smethport fire company attracted the attention of all, with their pleasing, steady fishtail motion. Frank Kinney's fine chestnuts on the hose cart were universally admired.

A Surprise.

A few weeks ago Mrs. Frank Kerns learned that on Monday, August 26, Supt of poor, Thos. Ryan, would reach his 54th birthday. She thought it would be a good idea to get up a little surprise for the genial Superintendent on this occasion and accordingly she went to work and on last Tuesday evening a large number of the G. A. R., W. R. C., together with the county commissioners and band went out to the poor farm. Upon their arrival Mr. Ryan was not at home, but he was sent for and soon made his appearance to see, as he termed it "what was going on." It was a complete surprise and for once Tom was speechless, but he quickly recovered and as the congratulations of the assemblage came pouring in upon him he regained in a measure his power of speech and soon under his genial influence every one was enjoying themselves.

After an hour or two, which was spent in games, conversation and listening to the excellent music furnished by the band, supper was announced. There were 30 seated at the first table and the way the eatables, which were many, both in quantity and variety, disappeared it was evident that the repast was appreciated in fact it was the remark of all that it was one of the finest of spreads.

Supper over, the guests assembled in the front part of the house, where Comrade H. M. Choate in a very happy manner presented Mr. Ryan with an elegant oak rocking chair on behalf of those present after which Mrs. Kerns presented him with an elegant cup and saucer and by its dimensions one would be led to believe that Comrade Ryan was a hard drinker—of coffee. Mr. Ryan was for the second time "knocked out," but managed to pull himself together sufficiently to thank his donors for their gifts.

Taken all around it was one of the most enjoyable occasions which those present had ever had the pleasure of attending. As the surprise was most complete Mrs. Kerns has every reason to feel proud of her success.

It was nearly 12 o'clock when the guests took their departure expressing the hope that their host might live to see many more occasions of this character.

Baptist Association.

The ninth annual meeting of the Allegany River Baptist Association convened at Eldred on Tuesday afternoon in the in the Baptist Church of that place. The annual sermon was preached by Rev. R. T. Guernsey, of Coudersport, after which the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Moderator, Rev. W. R. McNeil, of Emporium; Clerk, Rev. J. S Warren, Eldred; Treasurer, P. D. Hopkins, Smethport.

On Tuesday evening, Rev. W. R. McNeil, of Emporium, gave a report of the B. Y. P. U. convention held recently at Baltimore, which was very entertaining. Rev. Dr. Conrard, of Philadelphia, also delivered a very interesting address to the young people's societies on "Baptist History."

These associational gatherings are becoming more interesting and entertaining every year, and have much in them that resemble family reunions. Here we meet many old friends and make some new ones, and when the time comes for the next annual meeting we put forth extra efforts in order that we may participate.

The reports from the different churches in the association for the past year give an increase in membership of about 100. The new church at Shingle House was received into the association. This makes eleven churches in all.

Among some of the familiar faces we met at the meetings were: D. B. Neefe and wife, Miss Lucy Smith, Mrs. James Dexter, and Miss Ella Ione Foster, of Coudersport; A. D. Hilton, of Olean; S. P. Beckwith and wife, Mrs. B. J. Stull, Royal Ellis and wife, and others, of Farmers Valley.

Doings on the Diamond.

ANOTHER SCALP.

Tuesday afternoon a small crowd of our townspeople wended their way to Hamlin Park to witness the game between the Olean team and our boys. The afternoon was fine for ball playing, but there seemed to be a listlessness about the whole affair and very little enthusiasm was exhibited. There was some very fine playing at times, and other parts of the game were very yellow. Following is the result:

SMETHPORT.

	ab	r	b	po	a	e
Morrison, lf	3	2	2	1	0	0
Potter, 2b	3	2	1	1	4	0
Tull, p	4	2	2	1	5	0
Keefer, 1st & p	4	2	2	7	0	0
T. Young, c	4	0	0	11	1	1
Beaman, rf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Bell, ss & lf	4	0	0	0	1	1
Krampf, 1b	4	0	0	9	1	1
T. Young, c	1	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	37	9	6	27	12	4

OLEAN.

	ab	r	b	po	a	e
Norton, rf	4	2	2	0	0	0
Hewett, c	4	1	2	8	2	0
Robertson, 2b	4	1	1	2	2	0
McCormick, 3b	4	2	2	1	2	0
Wright, 1b	4	1	0	9	1	1
T. McNeil, cf	4	1	0	2	1	1
A. McNeil, ss	4	0	0	2	3	1
T. Ellis, lf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Krasel, p	3	1	1	0	0	0
Totals	35	9	8	25	11	3

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Smethport	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	1	0—4
Olean	0	3	1	0	0	0	0	1	0—5

Struck out—by Tull 6; Krampf 3.
Base on balls—off Tull 2; Krampf 3.
Three base hit—Keefer.
Two base hits—Wright 2; Keefer.
Earned runs—Smethport 1; Olean 1.
Time of game—1:50.
Umpire—Kerns.

A game of base ball was played at Bazetta the first of the week between the Clermont Giants and the Wilcox Vigilants, resulting in favor of the Giants by a score of 24 to 5. The game was called at the end of the fifth inning to enable the Clermont aggregation to reach home at a seasonable hour. The features of the game were the batting of Peterson J. F. Keating, who struck out 8 men, the base running of Diehl and the clever short stop of the Giants. The whole male population of Clermont attended the game, with the exception of three prominent citizens who had business in the opposite direction. The only thing to mar the pleasure of the trip was the "hold-up" of a couple of Clermont rooters, who were relieved of all their refreshments.

The Newspaper Gets Left.

A country newspaper publisher sizes up the "span of life," as follows:

"A child is born, the doctor in attendance gets a $10 fee; the editor notes it and gets 0; it is christened and the minister gets $5, and the editor writes it up and gets 00; it marries and the minister gets another $10; the editor gets a piece of cake or 000.

"In the course of time it dies; the doctor gets from $5 to $100 and the minister perhaps gets another $5, the undertaker $25 to $50; the editor prints a notice of death and an obituary two columns long and a set of resolutions of some lodge or organization to which the deceased belonged, and receives 0000, and then has the perfect idea of running a free card of thanks and a lot of poetry besides."—*Ex.*

We want you to sell Climax Button and Drawer Supporter. Complete set sent for 10c. For terms address the Climax Button Co., lock box 83, Buffalo, N.Y.

Severe griping pains of the stomach and bowels instantly and effectually stopped by DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure. A. W. Colegrove.

There is no doubt, no failure, when you take DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure. It is pleasant, acts promptly, no bad after effects. A. W. Colegrove.

SOCIETY AND PERSONAL NOTES.

We would deem it a favor if those having friends visiting in this place would notify us by postal or by leaving a notice at this office.

Mrs. Frank Richmond visited Olean Tuesday.

J. C. Gallup visited Buffalo the first of the week.

Dan'l Att'y Gorton drove to Bradford yesterday.

Tom Hungerville had business in Kane Monday.

J. F. Keating was down from Clermont Tuesday.

Editor Lindsley returned home Tuesday morning.

Mrs. E. M. Kerns is visiting friends in Rochester.

R. K. Godding and family visited Ormsby on Sunday.

H. D. Burlingame, of Olean, wheeled up Wednesday.

Sheriff Walker had business in Bradford on Monday.

Dr. Gibson, of Bradford, was over on Sunday last.

F. R. Foster transacted business in Bradford Monday.

Geo. Brownell wheeled to Eldred on Sunday morning.

L. W. Mason went to Buffalo via Bradford last Saturday.

Henry Button, of Coudersport, drove over Tuesday night.

Charles Master visited relatives in Black Creek last week.

Miss Belle Abbey visited Port Allegany friends this week.

Miss Anna Tracy went to Buffalo Thursday for a short visit.

Gustine Cable, of Bradford, was in town the first of the week.

Della Holcomb is in Mt. Jewett visiting relatives and friends.

Miss Eva Beers returned to her duties in Bradford on Monday.

Miss Marie Dunn was visiting friends at McKeans during the week.

Kate Embler, of Wilcox, is visiting her sister, Mrs. S. B. Holcomb.

E. L. Keenan, Esq., transacted legal business at Coudersport on Monday.

Coroner E. R. Sherman, of Kendall, was a pleasant caller on Monday.

John Lynch and wife spent Sunday with friends and relatives in town.

Col. Lucius Rogers took in the panorama at Harrisburg on Wednesday.

J. C. Stull, of Farmer's Valley, came up Tuesday to see the ball game.

The veteran Gilbert Moody, of Coryville, was a pleasant caller Monday.

Albert Clement will go to Buffalo Monday to take a position with a florist.

Bertha Mitchell, of Mt. Jewett, is visiting her cousins, the Misses Holcomb.

Judge Morrison and wife went to Dunkirk Tuesday for a visit among friends.

W. H. Gallup gave a dinner party to a few of his friends Tuesday evening.

Mrs. G. W. Mitchell and daughter, Lucy, were visiting in Bradford this week.

Farmer Allen wheeled to Eldred on Sunday, returning early Monday morning.

C. L. Woodward, of Carpenter, Pa., is visiting Mrs. M. E. Evans, of this town.

Miss Blanch Chapman and John Mullin wheeled over from Bradford on Sunday.

"Doc" Standish, the popular tailor, is back again and his many friends rejoice.

W. L. Lillibridge and wife, of Port Allegany, were over visiting friends on Tuesday.

Miss Trude Walker returned the first of the week from a visit with Bradford friends.

F. W. Crawley, of the firm of Preisinger & Crawley, Eldred, was here on Monday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Weber, of Port Allegany, were guests at the Wright House on Sunday.

Mrs. H. J. McCoy is visiting in Kendall. She will return to Olean to-morrow.—Olean "Times."

C. P. Marsh, of Belfast, N. Y., has been here for a few days visiting his son-in-law, T. H. Ryan.

Geo. H. Graff, of Mt. Alton, who lately lost his esteemed wife, was a caller at this office Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom McClellan and Mrs. F. B. McCoy, of Mt. Jewett, were guests at the Central last Saturday.

Miss M. D. Nash, who has been here on a visit for some time, returned to her home at Des Moines, Iowa, Tuesday.

Miss Alice Richards has been the guest of friends in town for a few days. She will return to her studies in Clarion.

Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Crawford, of Roulette, registered at the Wright House Sunday, on their way home from Bradford.

Eugene Mullin came up from the farm Tuesday morning where he has been harvesting what few oats the hail storm left.

Morris J. Johnson, the renowned bear hunter of Coryville, was in town Wednesday. He reports bear signs plenty in that region.

S. W. Stewart and wife, of Coudersport, have made their home in town. Mr. Stewart is with Mr. Sturdevant in the barber shop.

The Misses Edna Jones and Lucretia Melvin, Bert Collins and Charles Hurley were guests of Miss Trude Walker on Wednesday.

Miss Nellie Musser returned home from West Clarksville, N. Y., last week, accompanied by her cousins, Lena and Artie Wixson.

The Misses Mae Strickland, Custer City, and Mae Neilly and Mayme Furman, of Bradford, were visiting the hub last Saturday.

Miss Mable Long returned to her home at Kane Monday. She had been here on a visit to her uncle and aunt, T. H. Ryan and wife.

G. W. Mitchell and T. F. Richmond started for Harrisburg Tuesday morning to be in time to witness the pitched battle at the capitol.

D. C. Young and Mrs. A. E. Taylor left on Monday morning for Hillsdale, Mich., on a business mission, expecting to be gone about a week.

Miss Lillibridge and C. W. Catlin were over from Port Allegany Thursday. Mr. Catlin had just returned from the lovefeast at Harrisburg.

C. A. Lambert, of Port Allegany, and a visiting relative from the lower part of the State, were over taking in the sights of the hub on Sunday.

Misses Anna and Emilie Gilbert, who have been visiting relatives here during this month, left for their home in Philadelphia on Wednesday afternoon.

Clarence Choate returned home from a week's outing at Mt. Jewett Wednesday night, where he had been taking in the salubrious breezes of that elevated burg.

J. M. McElroy started for Harrisburg on Monday to take in the sights of the convention, and will also take a month's much needed rest visiting friends in the capital city.

The Misses Alice and Grace McCoy gave an informal party at their home on Monday night. Pedro, dancing, vocal and instrumental music kept the happy guests very well entertained.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Hover, parents of, and Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Wright, uncle and aunt of Mrs. R. K. Godding, drove out from Little Valley, N. Y., the latter part of last week and visited over Sunday.

Commissioner Sheldon Jewett and daughter, Grace, spent a couple of days here the first of the week.

Tuesday night Mr. Jewett received a message announcing the illness of his baby boy, causing him to hasten home.

J. W. R. Attleberger, of Lima, Ohio, and A. C. Snyder, of Gulley, old time friends of J. C. Breneman, arrived Monday only to find John had gone to Harrisburg to shoot for Quay.

The following Smethport people attended the Baptist Association held at Eldred this week: Rev. G. W. Halliwell and wife, Mrs. L. T. Medbury, Mrs. H. F. Wright, Mrs. E. S. Eaton, Mrs. J. W. Bush, Mrs. Jennie Smith and daughter, Misses Verna Hefner, Eloise Gilbert, Pearl Digel, Lottie Wilkinson, Myrtle Peck, Cynthia Calkins and T. J. Gilbert.

Elated.

We would be pleased to have you call at our store for a free package of Bacon's Celery King for the Nerves, which we are distributing to all afflicted with dyspepsia and all blood, liver and kidney diseases. Bacon's Celery King is simply doing wonders in building up worn out constitutions, and is the grand specific for nervousness, sleeplessness, headache, and all derangements of the stomach, liver and kidneys. Samples free. Large size 50 and 25cts at McCoy's drug store, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove; H. W. Mckinney, Rowley, sole agents.

Don't Read This.

If you need any WASHINGTON RED CEDAR SHINGLES, for we intend during the NEXT TWO WEEKS, to sell you the best WASHINGTON RED CEDAR SHINGLE, (we don't keep the thin ones) at $3.00. Come while they last. HOLMES & GILFILLAN. 34-2t.

Shodd's Little Mandrake Pills do not nauseate or gripe and are none the less effective because they are small.

EXTRA! EXTRA!

Extraordinary Values this Week!

AT H. W. MARCUS'.

GOODS THAT MUST BE SOLD!

A lot of Ducks to be slaughtered at nine cents the yard.
50 pieces all wool Dress Goods, 36 inches wide, at 25c yd.
25 pieces Jaconets at 8 cents the yard.
25 pieces silk stripe Challie at 10 cents and 22 cents a yard.
45 dozen Silk Mits at 8c, 15c and 22c a pair.
75 dozen Ribbed Vests at 8c, 10c, 15c and 20c.
12 pieces of Wash Silk at 25 cents the yard.
50 pair white and ecrue Chamois Gloves (will wash) 75c pr.

A SPECIAL CLEARING SALE.

In the Cloak Department, 200 Ladies' Ready Made Wrappers. 50 Ladies' Jackets and Capes from $1.75 up to $5.00. 25 Children's Jackets, 75c up to $4.00. Entire stock must be cleared out at once.

☞ Be sure to ask for the goods advertised.

H. W. MARCUS'.

153 UNION STREET, OLEAN, N. Y.

Leaders of Low Prices and Reliable Goods. Always Ask for Goods Advertised.

Mention the *Miner* when writing or calling.

OLEAN, N. Y., Aug. 29th, 1895.

SCHOOL OPENS IN A FEW DAYS!

The Children must have new shoes. The old ones are gone up with the hard vacation wear.

We sell good School shoes. Shoes must be good for children;

If you want your children to succeed at school give them a good, solid footing—A pair of our Rockymountain School Shoes will help them to keep pace with other youngsters. Prices, 8 to 10, $1.50; 11 to 2, $2; 2 to 5, $3. School Shoes, all kinds and prices sent to you to select from.

BLOODSWORTH & CO.

GOOD SHOES.

OLEAN, - - NEW YORK.

Mention the *Miner* when writing or calling.

AROUND THE COUNTY.

Interesting News From Various Localities Picked up by Our Regular Correspondents.

CLERMONT.

C. M. Colegrove, of Smethport, had business in town one day last week.

The skating craze still keeps up in the rink, with a full house each night.

Myrtle and Leathy Stull, of Farmers Valley, were visiting their cousin, Eva and Fannie Steinbauer, a few days last week.

The Gipsy fortune teller did a land office business several days last week telling the boy's fortunes.

David Schleiff, who cut his foot several weeks ago, is around again with the aid of a cane.

Joseph Catherine has commenced the building of a house on the tract of land he bought of James Mack.

Miss Jennie Farr has commenced building on the lot recently purchased of Mrs. Mary Klemath.

Joe Goeltman, of Wilcox, expects to open up a clothing store in town the 1st of September.

L. Bayer has commenced building his new house. What will the next improvement be?

E. L. Keenan, of Smethport, had business in town one day this week.

A fight between an Italian and one of our citizens caused much excitement on our streets last Tuesday. Too much tangle foot was the cause of it.

John Troy, the insurance agent of Olean, was in town one day this week.

This town is yet in need of a good restaurant, a good tailor shop and a good black smith shop. Who will be the first?

John Weiss, of Rasselas, is in town building a house for Joseph Catherine.

E. E. Wellingdorf drove through the woods from St. Marys on the line of the new railroad.

John Klemath made a trip to Clermont on Wednesday last.

ANNIN CREEK.

The following delegates represented the Baptist church of this place at the association held at Eldred the 25th and 26th: Rev. Langmade, Mrs. L. H. Winship, A. Strait, Lee Winship, Harry Evans and Misses Amelia Evans, May Winship, Ike Winship, Jack and Minnie Smith.

Rev. W. W. Tubbs, of Keating Summit, preached in the M. E. church Monday evening. He was on his way to the U. B. conference in Bradford. His wife will visit in this place while he is gone.

Clark Wells, one of Bells Run's oldest citizens, was a guest at L. H. Winship's Saturday night, and was one of the congregation at the Sunday morning service.

Bela Wood and family, of Shaytown, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Wood over Sunday.

Miss Nellie Miller, of Turtle Point, was calling on friends in this place the forepart of the week.

Rev. Langmade finished his pastoral work with the Baptist church here last sunday, unless there should be some new agreement made between him and that body, of which there is no prospect at present.

A. W. Johnson, wife and daughter, of Roulette, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Harder on Sunday.

Geo. Knapp, of Wellsville, has been spending a few days with relatives in this place.

Master Mark Hammond, of Spendship, N. Y., was visiting here and at Smith creek recently.

Charley Boose, of Dale Centre, is visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Boose.

E. B. Beesley and wife went to Eldred Tuesday to attend the Association.

Mrs. E. C. Cooper and son, Ralph, started for Friendship Tuesday. Mr. Cooper accompanied them as far as Bolivar.

A. S. Lillibridge, of Port Allegany, had business in town Tuesday.

Our Baby Show.

Last Tuesday a week Mrs. Henry Wright, above town, surprized her husband by presenting him with a fine girl baby.

Last Saturday John Pitcher, of Ormsby, was presented by his wife with a young pitcher of the feminine gender.

Mrs. Thomas Walker, not to be outdone by these other good wives brought forth a son and we hope he will live long and be a good walker.

Last Tuesday John Swanson had his happiness increased by the bestowal, from his wife, of another Swanson.

The same day Mrs. George Hackett, of East Smethport, not to be behind in the good work of populating the land, made George happy by presenting him with a little Miss Hackett.

Well, well, Mrs. Dave McCarty, of Ormsby, on Tuesday proved to have been in the race also, as Dave is buying soothing syrup.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick O'Connor are entertaining a welcome young strange boy, who arrived on Tuesday.

Mrs. J. H. Whitton, of Clermont, not to be left in this baby race, gave her husband a beautiful little girl last Tuesday.

Then come Mr. and Mrs. McCombie, of Palmerville, ready to assist in populating the county, by adding a boy to our baby show.

All of the above are doing finely at this writing.

LAST OF THE SEASON.

Grand Double Excursion to Niagara Falls and Toronto via W. N. Y. & P. R'y Tuesday, Sept. 10, 1895.

The W. N. Y. & P. R'y will run their last popular low-rate excursion of the season from stations between Emporium and Buffalo on Tuesday, Sept. 10. Train will leave Smethport at 8:00 a. m. Fare to Niagara Falls and return $2.25; Toronto and return $3.50. Niagara Falls tickets good five days returning, Toronto tickets good ten days returning. Special train will leave Niagara Falls at 7:30 p. m. Tuesday night, September 10th, for the accommodation of all those who wish to return same day, giving 7 hours at Niagara Falls.

The Toronto Exposition and Fair will be held it that city Sept. 10th to 14th, Thursday, Sept. 12th, is American Day, the biggest day of all at Canada's great fair. Do not miss it; admission 25 cents. Remember the superior accommodations and little cost this excursion offers. Four trips daily by the Palace Steel Steamers, Chicora and Chippewa, between Lewiston and Toronto, the route our passengers travel. See small bills. For further information call on local agent or write S. B. Newton, traveling passenger agent, W. N. Y. & P. R'y, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-riding, sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"Yes, if you can, kind sir," she said. "Mine is a

Rambler

ALWAYS AHEAD."

Comparison and inspection invited. Catalogue of Rambler bicycles free.

F. C. PIERCE, Agent, Smethport, Pa.

GOLDEN HARVEST,

ONE OF THE BEST BAKING POWDERS ON THE MARKET, only 25c a pound. Try it.

Agent for the celebrated Seal Brand Coffee, roasted and imported by Chase & Sanborn, of Boston, Mass. You use it once, you will use no other. Prices 25c, 30c and 35c a pound.

—A FULL LINE OF—

FALL SHOES,

Tans and Oxfords, at Reduced Prices.

☞ Goods delivered anywhere free of charge. Your trade will be appreciated. Give me a trial order for Groceries. Satisfaction guaranteed.

J. Colegrove.

Bonnie Doon Has Few Equals.

Music Has No Equals.

GREAT SHOE SALE!

We have purchased the stock of the LEADER SHOE CO., at 179 Union Street, Olean, consisting of

5,000 Pairs of Ladies' and Misses Fine Shoes.

These shoes are all new and desirable. We bought them riget and have marked them so low that they will move quickly. Better come

NEW FURNITURE

SPECHT & SASSE

We have a large stock of the latest designs in furniture and we are able to offer some very attractive bargains. If you want a single piece of furniture or an outfit for your home, it will pay you to see our store.

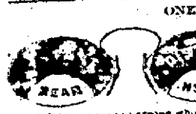
DON'T FAIL TO CALL

before making a purchase elsewhere

Undertaking in all its branches a specialty.

Corner of Main and Union Streets. SMETHPORT, PA.

ONE DAY ONLY, EACH VISIT.



FREE EYE EXAMINATION.

There is no safer, surer, or cheaper method of obtaining perfect relief for weak, strained and defective eyesight, headache and so forth, than to consult ELLIOTT HOUSEWORTH, the eye specialist. The happy results from correctly-fitted glasses are wonderful. Don't guess at your eyes. All glasses guaranteed.

ELLIOTT HOUSEWORTH, of Philadelphia,

SPECIALIST IN THE EYE

AT THE STORE OF M. L. ARMSTRONG, JEWELER, MAIN ST., SMETHPORT, PA.

DO NOT FORGET

TO CALL AT

P. D. HOPKINS,

Corner Mill and Mechanic Streets,

Where can be found a full line of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS, SHOES, &c

OUR FLOUR is just elegant try it.

We are pleased to inform you that we shall hereafter sell **BURKE'S BRACOON TEAS,** the finest ever brought the American Continent.

Try it in to-day and you will to-morrow.

Remember we are agents for the Clothing House, of O. W. Simmons & Co., Boston, Mass. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded

P. D. HOPKINS.

Smethport, Pa.

V. KLAPPENBACH,

MERCHANT -:- TAILOR,

Opposite Billiard Room,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.,

Keeps an assortment of English and French Goods on hand from which to select. Suits will be made up in the latest and most approved styles, and entire satisfaction guaranteed.

Boys' suits to order, from $3.50 to $5 and up, including extra pair pants. Gents' fine Suits from $15 to $17 and up. Gents' fine Pants to order for $6.50 and up. Give me a call and select your goods and leave your measure.

V. Klappenbach.

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W. H. PRENTISS, PROPRIETOR.

(Successor to W. H. PRENTISS & SON)

MARBLE, GRANITE and CEMETERY WORK.

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a twenty-page journal, is the leading Republican family paper of the United States. It is a **NATIONAL FAMILY PAPER,** and gives all the general news of the United States. It gives the events of foreign lands in a nutshell. Its **"Agricultural"** department has no superior in the country. Its **"Market Reports"** are recognized authority. Seperate departments for **"The Family Circle," "Our Young Folks,"** and **"Science and Mechanics."** Its **"Home and Society"** columns command the admiration of wives and daughters. Its general political news, editorials and discussions are comprehensive, brilliant and exhaustive.

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Cloth and Paper Bound Books worth 50 cts. **15c.** You should see them They're sure to please.

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Imported and Domestic Cigars.

Prescriptions carefully compounded.

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DEALERS IN

Fresh and Salt Meats.

Sausage, Poultry, Vegetables, Apples, Fresh Fish, Oysters and Home Made Mince Meat

constantly on hand.

Highest cash price paid for Fat Stock, Poultry, Hides, Pelts, &c,

William's Old Stand

SMETHPORT, PA.

1,000,000 People Wear

W. L. Douglas Shoes

HAND SEWED PROCESS. $3.00 BEST IN THE WORLD.

$5.00	$3.00
$4.00	$2.50
$3.50	$2.00
$2.50	$1.75
$2.25	For Boys

For Misses

Wear W. L. Douglas shoes and save from $3 to $5 on the shoes. The advance in leather has increased the cost of other makes, but the quality of W. L. Douglas shoes has not changed. The stamping of W. L. Douglas name and the retail price on the bottom protects you from high prices and inferior shoes. Take no substitute; no other make can be exchanged for them. If your dealer cannot supply you, send direct to factory, enclosing advertised price, stating size and width, plain or cap toe. Sold by

F. C. LINDHOLM & CO.

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Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained and all Pat ent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

Our Office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office and we can obtain patents in less time than those remote from Washington.

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OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Cleanse the Bowels and Purify the Blood! Cure Diarrhœa, Dysentery and Dyspepsia, and give healthy action to the entire system.

BICYCLE REPAIR SHOP,

A. B. KIDDER, Prop'r.

REAR OF GRAND CENTRAL, SMETHPORT.

Having recently added facilities for repairing bicycles, I am now prepared to do all work in that line promptly and satisfactorily guaranteed. Bring on your wheels. Also guns, etc.

AS WE USED TO LONG AGO.

Play that you are mother, dear,
And play that papa is your beau;
Play that we sit in the corner here,
Just as we used to long ago!
Play so, we lovers long
Are just as happy as can be,
And I'll say, "I love you!" to you,
And you say, "I love you!" to me!
"I love you!" we both shall say,
All in earnest and all in play.

Or, play that you are the other one
That sometimes came and went away,
And play that the light of years agone
Stole into my heart again to-day!
Playing that you are the one I knew
In the days that never again may be,
I'll say, "I love you!" to you,
And you say, "I love you!" to me!
"I love you!" my heart will say
To the ghost of the past come back to-day.

Or, play that you sought this scathing place
For your own sweet self, with that dual grace
Of your pretty mother in your face
And the look of that other in your eyes!
So the dear old love shall live anew,
As I hold my darling on my knee,
And I'll say, "I love you!" to you,
And you'll say, "I love you!" to me!
Oh, may a strange, true thing we say
And do where we pretend to play!

—Eugene Field in Chicago Record.

THE LIAR.

I never loved but one woman. I passed five years with her in perfect happiness. I can truly say that to her I owe my success, because of my freedom from care and because she imbued me with some of her great ambition. From the first moment we met it seemed to me that I had always loved her. Her beauty and character answered all my dreams. That woman never left me. She died in my house, in my arms and still loving me. But when I think of her it drives me mad. If I attempt to describe her as she was during the five years, in all the glory of her love, with her tall, svelte figure, her clear cut features, like an oriental Jew's, her luminous, pale face, her cheerful talk, her voice soft and sweet as her glance; if I try to bring again to my mind that vision of delight, it is only to say—I hate her!

Her name was Clotilde. In the house in which I first met her she was known as Mme. Deloche, the widow of a captain long since dead. She appeared to have traveled extensively. In her conversation she would sometimes say, "When I was at Tampico," or, perhaps, "Once during a raid in Valparaiso." Aside from these remarks nothing in her manner, in her language, suggested a nomadic life—nothing of that disorder and hurry incident to quick departures or untimely arrivals. She was a Parisian, dressed always with exquisite taste, without a burlesque or those eccentric scrapes by which one recognizes the wives of officers and marines who are perpetually on the move.

When I found that I loved her, my only idea was to ask her hand in marriage. A friend spoke to her for me. She replied simply that she should never marry. Thenceforth I avoided places where I would see her, and as I was too unhappy to work I resolved to go away. I was making preparations for departure, when, one morning, in the midst of the confusion of packing, Mme. Deloche entered my apartment.

"Why do you go away?" she asked. "Because you love me? I also love you, only"—here her voice trembled a little—"only I am married." And she told me her history.

It was a story of love and desertion. Her husband was dissipated. He had beaten her. They separated at the end of three years. Her family, of whom she seemed very proud, occupied high positions in Paris, but since her marriage they had disowned her. She was a niece of the grand rabbi. Her sister, widow of an officer of high rank, had married for a second husband the general of the guard at St. Germain. As for herself, financially ruined by her husband, she had fortunately been highly educated and possessed several accomplishments, of which she now made use. She gave lessons in music in the wealthy families of the Chaussee d'Antin and the Faubourg St. Germain.

Her story was touching, but quite long, full of the pretty repetitions and interminable incidents which crowd the talk of women. I hired a pretty little house in the Avenue de l'Imperatrice. I passed the first year listening to her, looking at her, without thinking of work. It was she who first urged me to enter my studio and fired me with ambition to become a great artist. I could not induce her to give up her pupils. This independence touched me deeply. I admired the proud soul which made me feel a little humiliated before the expressed wish to owe nothing except to her own exertions. We were thus separated every day.

With what happiness I returned home, so impatient when she was late, so happy when I found her there before me! From her pupils in Paris she brought me rare flowers. I often forced her to accept some present, but she laughingly said that she was richer than I, and the lessons must have been very profitable, for she always dressed with great elegance and always in black, which she wore through coquetry on account of her complexion.

Her beauty was enhanced by heavy velvets, shining jets, lustrous satins and masses of silky laces. All her pupils, daughters of bankers and financiers, adored and respected her, and more than once she showed me a bracelet, a bangle or a piece of lace which one of them had given her.

Except when at work, we were never separated. Only on Sunday she went to St. Germain to see her sister, the wife of the general, with whom, long ago, she had made her peace. I accompanied her to the station. She returned the same evening, and often, when the days were long, we would make a rendezvous and go to row on the water or for a walk in the woods. She would tell me about her visit, how pretty the children were and how happy they all were together. It seemed to make her so unhappy that I redoubled my tenderness in order to make her forget her sorrow.

What happy times of work and confidence we had! I suspected nothing. Everything she said appeared so true, so natural. I could reproach her with only one thing—sometimes, in telling me about the families to which her pupils belonged, she gave a quantity of intimate details and told of imaginary intrigues. She saw always the romance of her life and seemed to live in dramatic combinations. These dreams troubled my happiness. I, who wished to fly far from the rest of the world to live alone with her, often found her occupied with indifferent things. But I could pardon these dreams in a woman young and unhappy, whose life had been a sad romance, without hope of a happy denouement.

Once only I became suspicious, or, rather, uneasy. One Sunday evening she did not return. I was in despair. What should I do? Go to St. Germain? I could not do that without compromising her. However, after a fearful night, I had just decided to go there when she arrived, pale and troubled. Her sister was ill; she had remained to care for her. I believed what she told me, not suspecting the flow of words which met the least questioning. Two or three times, in the same week, she returned to spend the night; finally, the sister having recovered, she again took up her regular and tranquil life.

Unhappily, some time afterward, it was her turn to fall ill. One day she came home from giving lessons, trembling, weak, feverish. Inflammation of the lungs declared itself, became more serious, and soon—the doctor told me—irremediable. I was crazed with grief. Then I thought that I would make her last hours happy. Her family, which she loved so much, of which she was so proud, I would bring to her bedside. Without saying anything to her, I wrote first to her sister at St. Germain and went myself to the grand rabbi, her uncle. When I arrived at his house, I was ushered into an antechamber, and soon the grand rabbi came to receive me.

"There are moments, sir," I began, "when hatred ought to be forgotten."

He looked at me in astonishment. I went on:

"Your niece is dying!"

"My niece! I have no niece! You are mistaken."

"I beg of you, sir, to forget that foolish quarrel. I speak of Mme. Deloche, the wife of Captain"—

"I do not know Mme. Deloche. You are mistaken, my child. I assure you." And kindly he pushed me toward the door, taking me for a lunatic or a fool.

I may have looked so, indeed. What I had heard was so terrible, so unexpected. She had lied, then. But why? Suddenly an idea struck me. I would go to the address of one of her pupils, of whom she was always talking, the daughter of a well known banker.

"Mme. Deloche," I began to the servant.

"She does not live here."

"Yes; I know that. She is the lady who gives piano lessons to the young ladies."

"There are no young ladies in the house—not even a piano. I do not know what you mean," and she closed the door in my face.

I went no farther. I was sure of receiving the same answer everywhere. Returning to our poor little home, a letter was handed me, postmarked St. Germain. I opened it, knowing already what its contents were. The general did not know Mme. Deloche. He had, moreover, neither wife nor child.

This was the last blow. So for five years every word she had uttered had been a lie. A thousand jealous thoughts seized me, and foolishly, not knowing what I did, I ran to the room where she lay dying. All the questions which tormented me poured from my lips in a torrent of words. "What did you go to St. Germain every Sunday for? At whose house have you passed your days? Where did you stay that night? Come, answer me!" And I caught hold of her, searching through her eyes into the depths of her soul. But she remained mute—passive.

I was trembling with rage. "You never gave lessons! I have been everywhere. No one knows you. Come, where did you get the money, those laces, those jewels?"

She gave me one long, sad look, and that was all. I should have spared her, I should have allowed her to die in peace. But I loved her too much. Jealously was stronger than pity.

"You have deceived me for five years," I went on. "You have lied to me every day, every hour. You know all my life, and I know absolutely nothing of yours. Nothing—not even your name! Because it is not yours, this name that you bear. Oh, liar, liar!"

She was dying, and I not to know what name to call her! "Come, now, who are you? Where did you come from? Why did you come into my life? Speak! Tell me something!"

Instead of replying she turned her face to the wall, as if she feared that her last look would give up her secret.

And thus she died—died without divulging her secret, a liar to the end!

—Translated For Argonaut From the French of Alphonse Daudet.

A Famous Cook.

The fattening of poultry has been made the subject of special attention by M. Josephin, the great chef who has started a restaurant in Paris. The poultry that he uses is fed according to his own directions. It is first allowed a run of 200 yards. A few days after this is curtailed to 175 yards, and then reduced daily until the poultry is confined in boxes. Beautifully plump and fat it then is and ready for the crowned heads who honor his establishment.

To see Joseph carve one of these birds is a revelation. He holds it in midair on a fork. With his knife he then dexterously skims round the wings and legs, and before it is possible to say "Jack Robinson" every portion of the bird is carved and ready to be served.—Boston Traveller.

Relief in Six Hours.

Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "New Great South American Kidney Cure. This new remedy is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport, Pa.

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English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavins curbs, splints, sweenies, ring-bone, stifles, spavins, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Sold by A. B. Armstrong Druggist, Smethport Pa.

T. F. Anthony, Ex-Postmaster of Promise City, Iowa, says: "I bought one bottle of 'Mystic Cure' for Rheumatism and two doses of it did me more good than all the medicine I ever took." Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport, Pa.

WANTED—Every smoker to send us seven two-cent stamps to help pay postage, packing, etc., and we will mail you a box of NON-NICOTINE MIDGET CIGARS. Only one box to one address.

LAUDER & CO.,
Shippensburg, Pa.

Many cases of so called heart disease, are only cases of acid fermentation in the stomach. The irritation from the acid hinders the action of the heart, through the pneumogastric nerve, and very often the excessive restraining power of this peculiarly acting nerve, becomes a very serious matter; the heart makes the greatest effort to do its work, but there is a shortness of breath which cannot be made up for, and the feeling throughout the chest is very distressing. Sometimes this acid arises and causes an acrid smarting in the throat; at other times the burning is up and down the chest.

Another stomach trouble is that form of dyspepsia which gives pain after eating. Persons with this disease seem to have but a scant measure of nerve strength; when food is being digested, the stomach needs the concentration of all of the nerve and brain force, and if reading or close thought is attempted soon after eating, the stomach consumes that intolerable aching which dyspeptics dread so much, when, the only immediate relief appears to be to stop the mental activity and get up and move around. In such cases there is evidently for the time being, too little nerve power to divide between the stomach and the brain; each one alone needs it all to enable it to perform its labor.

There are two properties possessed by Dr. Day's Stomach and Nerve Tonic, which constitute it the cure for all of the above derangements. One, is its power of purifying and sweetening the stomach and stopping the formation of gas and acid; the other is the giving of increased nerve action and strength. Soon, with better digestion and better nutrition, there is a general renewal of life and health. The mind of a business man, under its use, soon become clearer and more active, thoughts come easier and are more clearly expressed, the memory is stronger, business plans and ventures are arranged in a better manner and are more patiently and successfully carried out, and details are attended to better because of the increased strength of both mind and muscle.

Women having the care of a household on their minds, find Dr. Day's Stomach and Nerve Tonic to be a great blessing; it gives better digestion, better nutrition, more strength, cures that feeling of weariness in the morning, that anxiety of mind, that fear that something is going wrong or that something bad is going to happen; cures dizziness, shortness of breath, pressure through the chest; belching of wind, rumbling in the bowels, heartburn, and all forms of dyspepsia that come from weakness.

Mrs. Eben Pierce, of Boris, Potter Co., Pa., writes: "I can truthfully say that I owe my life to your stomach and nerve tonic. I was troubled with my stomach for over a year and tried everything I could hear of, but did not get any benefit. I was nearly in despair, for although I had only four in my family, I could not begin to do the work for them; an anxious friend wrote me to try Dr. Day's Stomach and Nerve Tonic, and I did; I did not expect to ever get any better, but was greatly relieved on taking the first dose and now after taking only one bottle of your remedy I can do my work and my stomach does not hurt me only when I do very heavy work; I shall continue its use until I am entirely cured, for I am perfectly satisfied that it will cure all such stomach trouble. I thank you dear Doctor, a thousand times over, for putting before the public such a wonderful remedy for human suffering."

Mrs. Albert Harman, of 2305 Fifth Ave., Altoona, Pa., writes, "Dr. Day's Stomach and Nerve Tonic has done me a power of good; that burning after meals has left me; I have always been so nervous that I would take nervous spells so bad sometimes that I would have to send for the doctor, but have not had one since I commenced using your stomach and nerve tonic."

H. C. Beatty, Barkeyville, Pa., says: "For years I had a severe pain in my stomach after meals; one bottle of Dr. Day's Stomach and Nerve Tonic cured me; I think permanently."

J. C. Fulton, of Burgettstown, Pa., writes, "I have been afflicted with the rheumatism and was laid up in bed a good part of the time; my stomach was in a bad condition and would not retain food. I began to use Dr. Day's Stomach and Nerve Tonic it not only helped my stomach but relieved me of the rheumatism and also increased my weight wonderfully."

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This man is a true philanthropist, for the almighty dollar represents all that makes life comfortable and pleasant. In buying

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you should endeavor to make the dollars go as far as possible, for every dollar saved on purchases means added comfort and luxury. You can secure all these advantages by buying your boots and shoes of

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A Set of Rogues

Is a masterpiece. It is entertaining in every line and will surely interest you when you read it as a Serial

IN THIS PAPER

STRAIN ON THE EYES.

Children at School Are Inclined to Have "the Academy Headache."

One of the common causes of pain above the brows is the overuse of the eyes and the strain of accommodation in constantly looking at near objects. In its transient form it may be familiar to some as the result of a visit to a picture gallery, but in more serious than one this may be known as "the academy headache," for if it is temporarily developed in a morning spent at Burlington House it is even more readily excited and permanently established among the children at the board schools and the girls of the high schools. Seventy-two per cent of the children of today are said to be sufferers from defective eyesight, generally in the direction of difficulty in seeing near objects clearly. Headache is almost always present in the cases of the poor little creatures, whose bodies are starved while their minds are overfed in the scramble for educational grants.

The ocular headache is often coexistent with the anæmic headache, especially in growing girls. Here we find frontal or supraorbital pain, due to eye strain, associated with the vertical pain felt all over the top of the head, which is characteristic of bloodlessness. Plenty of wholesome food, fresh air and out of door exercise will help to combat the anæmia, while the practice of looking at distant objects, and, alas! the use of appropriate spectacles may relieve the headache of eyestrain, but reading, writing and sewing will permanently damage the sight, so that for the sake of education and in the struggle for life the coming race is growing up purblind.—Philadelphia Press.

To Each His Part.

Mrs. Snaggs—What do you think of the inference that Mark Antony was an undertaker because he said his mission was to bury Cæsar not to praise him?

Mr. Snaggs—That is a very fair inference. The man who carved the tombstone would attend to the praising part.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A Year Clock.

Queen Victoria has one clock which the indolent must envy her, especially the man Matthew Mears, about whom the verses of the eighth day clock were written. The timepiece of royalty is a fine example of Louis Seize work by the celebrated Lepante of Paris. The case is chrusted with ormolu mounts. The movement, which is in perfect order, requires winding but once a year.

Nothing occupies one like a conversation in which one has failed to say what one ought to have said. It haunts you like a melody of which you cannot find the end.

One of the simplest methods of gaining a disputative person's good will is to begin by doubting his judgment and then allowing oneself to be convinced.

The first state as an oat producer is Illinois, with 8,870,709 acres and 137,624,826 bushels.

A Set of Rogues

It is a tale of life in old England, with adventures in Spain and Algiers that will stir the blood and please the fancy.

A Set of Rogues

Perhaps they richly deserved the stocks, but they were such a jolly, good natured set of knaves that you can't help liking them. There's a vast store of entertainment in

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This Tile is guaranteed to stand WATER, FROST and ACIDS.

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Prescriptions and Family Receipts carefully compounded.

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New York Tribune

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OR

SILVER OR GOLD.

The New York Tribune has been compelled, by the large demand, to reprint the Joint Debate between Senator Stewart, of Nevada and Senator Wolcott, of Michigan, on the Free Coinage of Silver. The pamphlet contains many other contributions on the Silver Question and is the best presentation of both sides of the important question on print. It is also a very lively and entertaining debate. 96 pages, 25 cents a copy. Subscription rates: Daily and Sunday, $10 per year, Daily only $8; Sunday, $2; Weekly $1, and Semi-Weekly $2.

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TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

THE ERIE

In effect July 6, 1896.

WESTERN NEW YORK AND PENNSYLVANIA

Trains leave Smethport for Larrabee, Eldred, Olean, Bradford, Rochester and Buffalo, as follows:

EASTWARD:

BUFFALO EXPRESS ..... 12:15 A. M.
BUFFALO MAIL ..... 9:15 A. M.

Train leaving Smethport at 2:25 p. m. connects at Olean with Erie Division for Allegheny, Pittsburg and Chicago.

For Clermont, Johnsonburg, and points north:

CLERMONT MAIL ..... 12:15 P. M.
CLERMONT ACCOMMODATION ..... 12:15 P. M.
LOCAL ..... 6:30 P. M.

Clermont Mail connects at Driftwood for Emporium.

Get Time Tables giving full information from A. E. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agent, E. Berlin, Conn.
J. A. FELLOWS, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE in effect May 24, 1896.

TRAINS LEAVE NORTH JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:25 a. m.—Train 5, daily except Sunday, for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:50 p. m. Through passengers for New York, 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:10 p. m., Washington 7:40 p. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia. Passengers can remain in sleeping car undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

2:30 p. m.—Train 6, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:50 a. m., New York 9:30 a. m.,